Vol. CXLIV. No. 1872

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THE BYSTANDER November 1, 1939

The BYSTANDER

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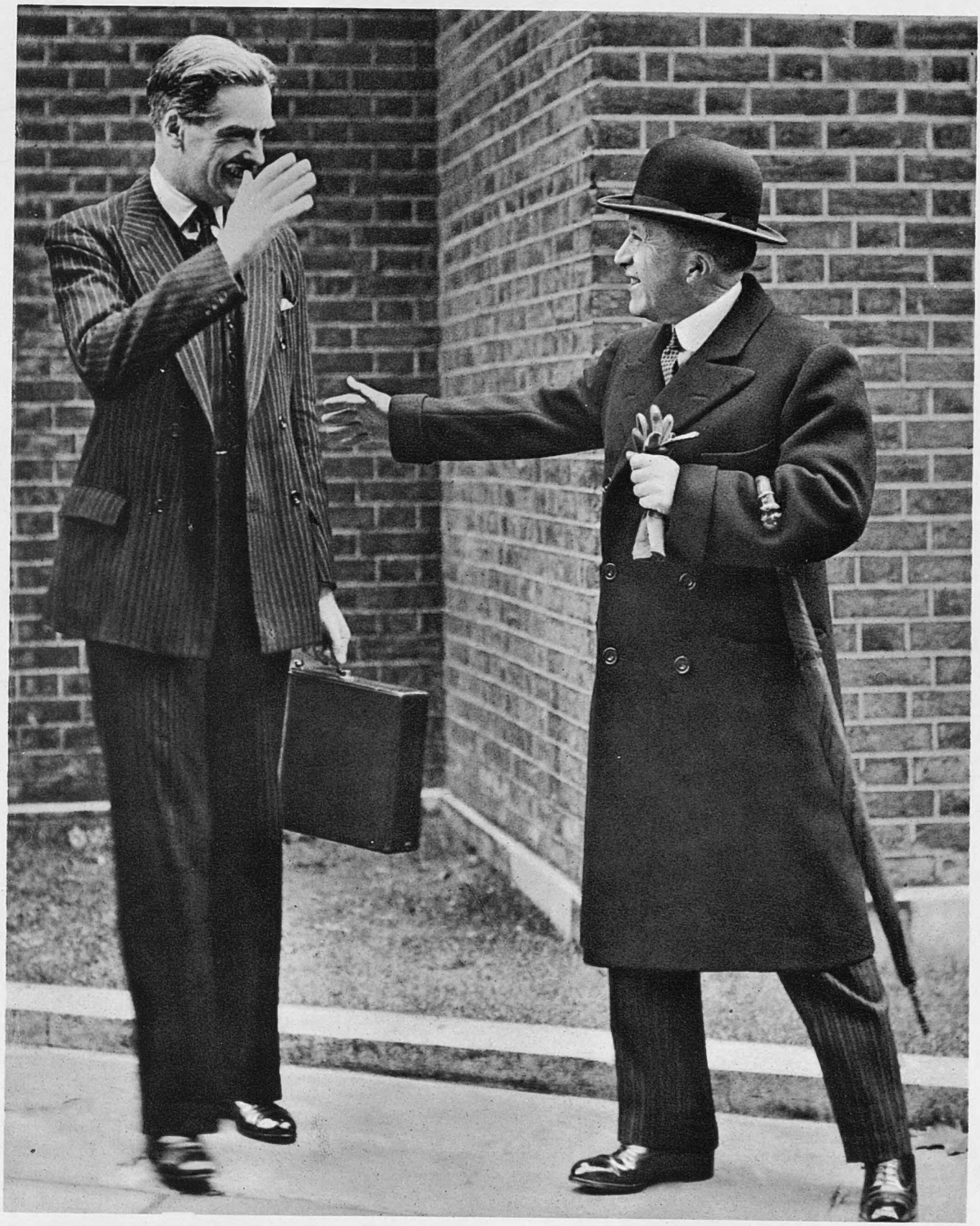
The Bystander



Two Friends of France

Mr. Anthony Eden and Sir Eric Phipps gave each other the warmest possible greeting when they met "somewhere in Whitehall" the day after the British ex-Ambassador to Paris arrived home. They last met officially in June, when Mr. Eden went to Paris and lectured at the Salle des Ambassadeurs on the state of Europe in 1939. Sir Eric Phipps had a tremendous send-off in Paris, where his two-and-a-half-years' Ambassadorship was enormously successful. He broadcast a brief but moving farewell to the French people just before he left. He is succeeded at the Embassy by Sir Ronald Hugh Campbell. Some hours after this photograph was taken last Wednesday, the Dominions Secretary was also "on the air": he broadcast a talk on co-operation in wartime

Playing Poker with the Bear : M. Erkko

Finland's Foreign Minister, who has born the brunt of the long-drawn-out, typically Kremlinesque negotiations between Helsinki and Moscow, is a large man of forty-four. He has reached his present position in the remarkably short time of seventeen years, for he did not pass his law finals from Helsinki University until he was twenty-seven. But he never practised, went straight into the Diplomatic, was Secretary at the Paris Legation, 1922-23, at the London Legation, 1924-27. Then he returned to Finland, joined the country's most important Liberal newspaper, *Helsingin Sanomat*, as manager, acquired control of it, and returned to politics; he was Minister of the Interior, 1932-33, was made Foreign Minister last December, just in time to enter on the Finnish Foreign Office's most lively months. As a young man, Eljas Erkko was an outstanding athlete, excelling in the national specialities of putting the shot and throwing the javelin. He is now an all-the-year bather, and a golfer, but this, he says reluctantly, "is not enough to keep you slim." He married Violet Suthcliffe, a Yorkshire girl, who was among the last batch of Helsinki women to evacuate to the nameless village picked as the seat of government in war—if any

The Passing Hour

Wartime Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THERE are all kinds of rumours about the flooding of the Siegfried Line owing to the heavy rains and the flooding of the smaller rivers between the Rhine and the Moselle. It is possible that a good many of these rumours are only partially true, but it is only natural that bad weather should hit the German West Wall much harder than the Maginot Line. The latter has been in position for years, and many winters have tested out its comforts and its discomforts. The West Wall was only run up by a little man round the corner, so to speak, during the last eighteen months, and there must be many defects in its construction.

THE last six air raids (up to the moment of writing) by German aircraft on British ships have produced the following reports from the two sides. The Germans admit the loss of nine machines, and claim two R.A.F. machines during the first three of these raids, and have issued no report on the second three. The British claim nineteen German aircraft, with two or three others "believed to have been disabled," and announce that we have not lost any of our machines.

GERMANY will gain very considerable financial assets by hauling her unfortunate subjects back to the Reich from foreign countries. These wretched creatures are only allowed to take back a small amount of cash, and all their property left behind is put under the control of the appropriate German Legation, and will ultimately be transferred to the German State. Thus the private property of the Germans from Esthonia alone is reckoned at about ten million pounds, and almost all of this becomes a foreign exchange asset of the Reich's war machine. If you add the Balkans as well, the German State will gain a formidable amount. As for the unfortunate people themselves, Hitler is simply saying what the famous Commodore Vanderbilt said on a celebrated occasion, "The public? Damn the public."

THE War Office is using its powerful influence to try to get picture-houses opened on Sundays, first of all in centres where troops are stationed, and later on in the big cities which they will be visiting when they get leave. Not only soldiers, but civilians also, will warmly approve of this humane attitude. The Sunday Entertainments Act of 1932 was one of the queerest and most muddled Acts of recent times, and if the War Office can get it suspended, so much the better.

A GOOD many people have volunteered for the Army and have been discouraged when their offer of service was gently turned down. There is, however, a first-class reason for quietly discouraging volunteers from the Army. A machine has been built up rather on the lines of the moving belt in a mass-production factory. The Militia get poured in at one end and come out, after four or five months, well-trained soldiers at the other. To put in occasional driblets of volunteers would certainly make a belt move in jerks, and although perhaps more soldiers might be produced, the all-round quality would certainly deteriorate. So enthusiasts must just wait in patience for their time to come.

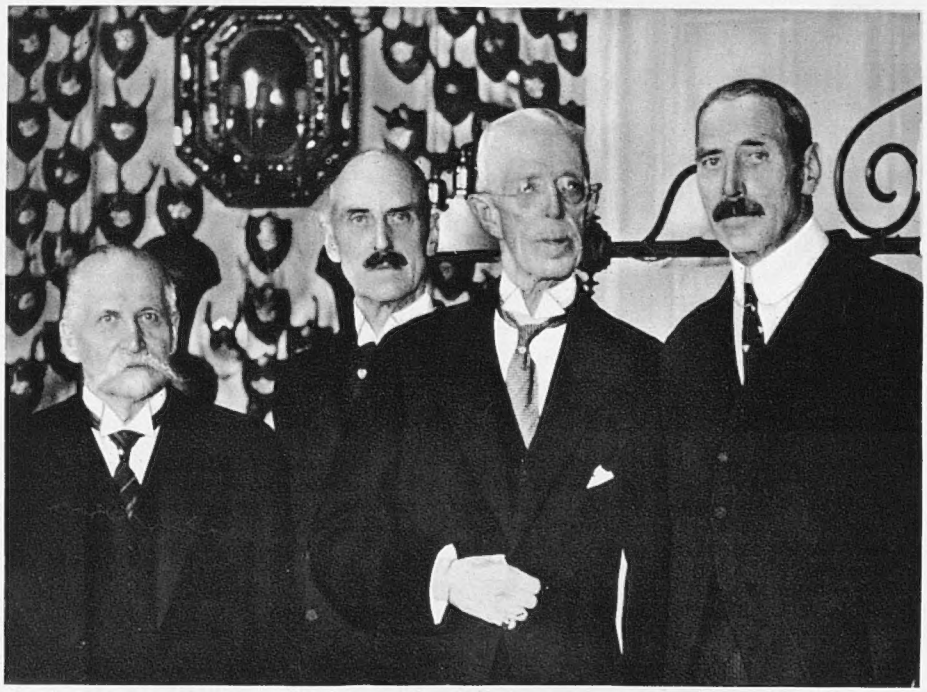
THERE was a nice point in Lord Lee of Fareham's letter on the commandeering of Cheltenham College by a Government Department. It was of such vital importance that the commandeering should be kept a dead secret from the enemy that the first news the school had came through the happy chance that a master, who knew German, was listening in to Berlin one evening and heard the news announced.

THE battle of the football pools is on again. The pools, of course, automatically came to an end when football stopped, but now that the new Regional Scheme has been started by the Football League, the pools want to come into action as well. First of all the Post Office asked them not to start again owing to the extra work entailed on the Post Office officials. The pool promoters replied to that by preparing a scheme by which all the work would be done by personal canvassers instead of through the post. In the meantime, the Churches' Committee on Gambling have dived into the arena against the pools, and has stated its case to the Home Office. It is now for Whitehall to say something.

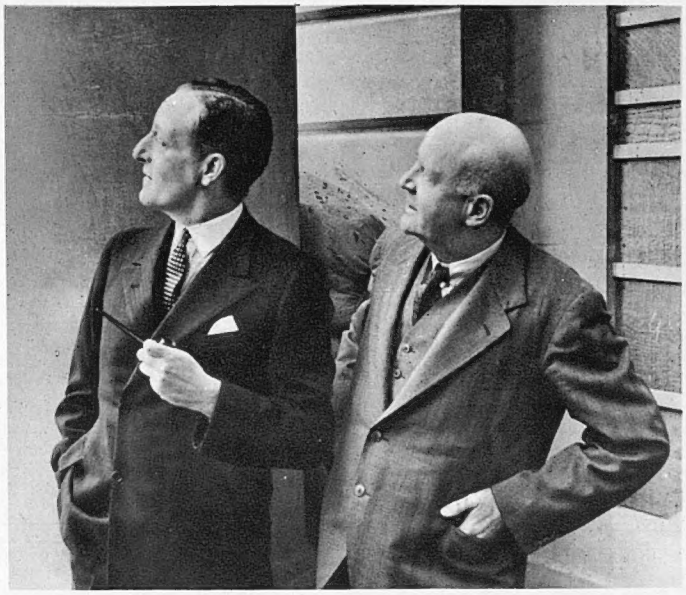
MR. VERNON BARTLETT has returned to his usual place in the *News Chronicle* as Diplomatic Correspondent. He has been away somewhere in the country doing hush-hush work for the Government. Now he is back and his innumerable fans will be rejoicing.

THE Civil Service Clerical Association is preparing a nice little depth-charge, and the news of it must be causing considerable perturbation in certain submarine circles. It is getting ready a list of the names of relations of prominent people who have been either suddenly promoted in, or suddenly appointed into, the Civil Service. I wonder if this list will be published. It will cause a lot of fun if it is.

SOME rather painful stories are coming in about the workings of the Tribunals which are considering the cases of "enemy aliens." For example, a case is reported from Essex where a Tribunal gave an Austrian Jewish painter a month in which to travel round the county getting sufficient orders to prove that he could support himself, but at the same time refused to give him a travelling permit. As a result, at the end of the month he will be interned. Of course, there are many cases in which the Tribunals are giving humane and reasonable decisions, but these, I am afraid, are not a hundred per cent.



Stockholm, 1939: *twenty-five years after the three kings of Scandinavia had met to discuss and declare their neutrality in Malmö, 1914, and Oslo, 1917, they were in conference again with the same mission. With them was the head of a State unknown at the first meeting, Finland, and to their new neighbour the three expressed warm support in neutrality. To all four came messages of goodwill from other neutrals, notably the Americas. Herewith, in the royal palace at Stockholm, President Kyösti Kallio of Finland, once a farmer, Haakon VII. of Norway, a Danish prince and younger brother of Christian X. of Denmark (right), and Gustaf V. of Sweden, a Bernadotte. All three kings are honorary Admirals in the British Navy*



Empire Agreement: *the first of the delegates to arrive for the Dominions consultations on Empire co-operation in the conduct of the war was Col. Deneys Reitz, the Minister for Native Affairs of South Africa, and one of his first visits was to South Africa House; here, the newly appointed High Commissioner, Mr. Sydney Waterson (left), shows him round. In an Empire broadcast last week Col. Reitz emphasised South African support of Great Britain. He himself bore arms against the Empire forty years ago*

Anglo-Turkish Agreement: *two highly interested persons in the details of the tripartite mutual assistance pact signed in Ankara by France, Britain, and Turkey were Dr. Tewfik Rustü Aras, the Turkish Ambassador in London, and Gen. Kiazim Orbay, head of the Turkish military mission which arrived a fortnight before the pact was signed. As interesting to them, doubtless, was the first concrete outcome of the pact, a £40,000,000 credit by Britain to Turkey*

The Passing Hour *(Cont. from p. 127)*

For the first time in my life I went to a boxing-match the other night, and sat in a ring-side seat at the National Sporting Club. I had expected to dislike the spectacle intensely, but to my surprise I found it most exciting, and I was not in the least shocked by the whole-hearted manner in which the young gentlemen concerned stood up and pasted the slats out of each other. One reason for this may have been that, with one exception, they all looked such very tough citizens indeed that I did not really mind what happened to any of them. The exception was Arthur Danahar, a charming-looking young man, and, as he won his bout fairly easily, everything was all right.

It seems a very long time since any of us played cricket, and Heaven knows when we will play again. So the Autobiography of Mr. C. B. Fry comes at a grand moment for reviving old memories and looking forward ultimately to acquiring some more. Charles Fry belongs to the golden age of cricket, and he was one of the greatest himself. A Gentleman's batting side which began with Grace, Stoddart, Ranjitsinhji, Jackson, McLaren, Townsend and J. R. Mason was a pretty warm proposition, and if you added Charles Fry's name, the Professional bowlers might well despair.

They say that history never repeats itself (whoever "they" may be), but I have found a remarkable instance of repetition. Many years ago I was told the story of the two midshipmen who went down a coal-mine and returned to their ship carrying the golf-clubs of a couple of friends and had a little trouble with the Admiral. Now it appears that the identical incident—identical even to the words used by all parties and the sentences passed on the young men—happened only last week to a ship in port. Mr. William Hickey says so, and so eminent a columnist ought to know.

Sir George and Lady Franckenstein *were two of the audience at the première of "Gibraltar," the French film of the British "Rock" at Studio One. Sir George (formerly Baron) Franckenstein, ex-Austrian Minister in London, is now on the board of an oil company. Lady Franckenstein was Editha Keppel King before her marriage in July, is the daughter of the late Capt. N. Keppel King and Mrs. Keppel King*

A world war makes great changes in the lives of everyone, and it makes great changes in the trend of industry. Some trades die, such as, for example, the breeding of doves of peace. Other old trades revive, and I have just invented a new one which I commend to the readers of the Bystander for their profit. Now that motor-cars are practically extinct in the march of progress, and horses and pony-carts and governess-traps have resumed their ancient reign, I suggest that the breeding of Dalmatian dogs should be encouraged. It was one of the thrills of my early boyhood, some seventy years ago, to watch the Dalmatian dogs running patiently along behind the carriages. My execrable colleague, Mr. Wyndham Lewis, has told the world that Admiral Noel Coward is giving as Christmas presents this year monogrammed torpedoes. Personally, I am giving Dalmatians to all my friends who are rattling round the country lanes in pony-traps.

David Niven, that eccentric young man and brilliant film-actor, is on his way home to rejoin his old regiment, the Highland Light Infantry. He will certainly enliven the battalion to which he is posted. There was a time, years ago, when he and a celebrated brother-officer, Mr. Trubshaw, were the scourge of the garrison at Malta. There was also the singular affair of the walking tour which Lieutenants Niven and Trubshaw took in Buckinghamshire. They walked entirely by taxi, and their frequent appearance in local public-houses caused considerable surprise. For a long time they could not make out why the rustics goggled at them to such an extent, and then they remembered that they were wearing the costumes of Anglican clergymen.

The *Manchester Guardian* reports that the low-water mark of asininity in the matter of priority-signs on the wind-screens of motor-cars has now been reached. One of its staff saw a car coming out of a garage in Pimlico labelled in large letters: "On Secret Service."

Evacuees in Dungarees ; Prince Edward and Princess Alexandra

Photographs of children are good, photographs of Royal children are better, pictures of "the little Kents" are always irresistible. Prince Edward and Princess Alexandra, like some hundreds of thousands of their contemporaries, are in the country "somewhere in England," They posed happily for their first war photographs in the cleanest of anchored dungarees, standing on a stone garden seat, Prince Edward clasping a model engine to his chest. But for the war their parents would soon be leaving England for Australia. Now, instead of taking up the Governor-Generalship of Australia, the Duke of Kent is on war service as a Rear-Admiral. And the Duchess, when she is at Coppins, goes regularly to do her war work at the Iver Cottage Hospital

Social Register

The Hon. William Buchan and Miss Nesta Crozier

William de l'Argle Buchan, second son of Lord and Lady Tweedsmuir, and Nesta Crozier, only daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. C. D. Crozier, of Home Farm, Culham, Abingdon, were married at Elsfield, Oxon., with a reception at Elsfield Manor, the Tweedsmuirs' Oxfordshire home, where Lady Tweedsmuir's mother, the Hon. Mrs. Norman Grosvenor, is now living. The Governor-General of Canada and Lady Tweedsmuir were on their way back to Ottawa from New York while their son was getting married, Lord Tweedsmuir having gone to New York for a general medical overhaul. The resulting report on his health was "entirely satisfactory"

Mr. John Christian and Miss Bridget Smiley

John Monsell Christian is the only son of the late Admiral and Mrs. Arthur Christian, and nephew of Viscount Monsell. Bridget Smiley is the only daughter of the late Captain Hubert Smiley, and Mrs. Denton Carlisle, of 49, Grosvenor Square, S.W.1. They were married at Chelsea Old Church. Major Denton Carlisle gave away his stepdaughter, who was twenty-one this year

Lady Marguerite Strickland, the Duchess of Hamilton

The Duchess of Hamilton is president of the Animal Defence Society, has been working since before the war on the evacuation of poor people's dogs. Lady Marguerite Strickland, as a volunteer driver, collects the dogs and delivers them to country homes

Sir Michael Duff, Lady Caroline Paget, the Hon. David Herbert

There are still socialites in Piccadilly, mostly around lunch-time, some from offices, some off-duty from A.R.P. posts, some up from the country. Lady Caroline Paget, eldest of Lord and Lady Anglesey's five daughters, was with Sir Michael Duff and the Hon. David Herbert, son of Lord Pembroke. His mother and Sir Michael Duff's mother are co-workers at the canteen Lady Pembroke has started at Wilton

Miss "Sam" Hanbury and Mr. Pike

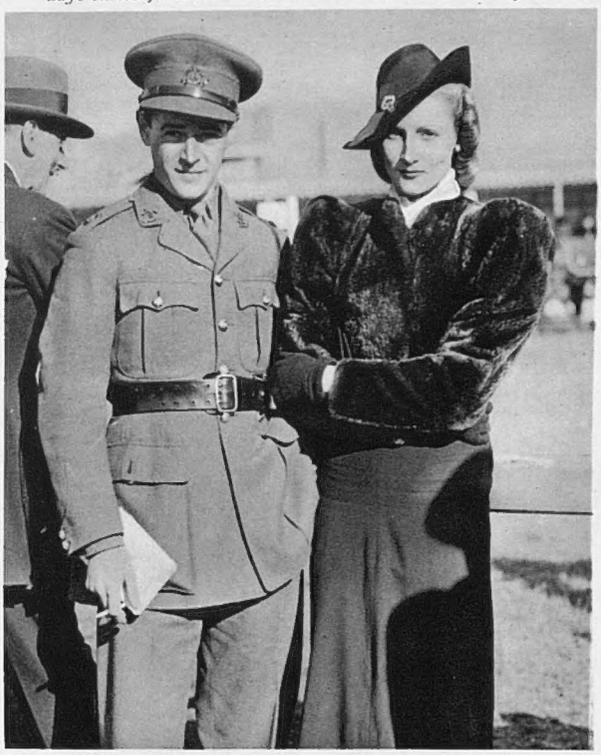
An engaged couple at the Christian-Smiley wedding were Godfrey Eben Pike and Caroline Hanbury, daughter of the late Sir Cecil Hanbury and Lady Hanbury. They had announced their engagement four days earlier, and were themselves married last Saturday

Sir Hugh and Lady Smiley

Leaving Chelsea Old Church after the same wedding were Sir Hugh Smiley and his wife. He is a cousin of the bride, Bridget Smiley. His father, Major Sir John Smiley, the second Baronet, who died in 1930, and her father, Captain Hubert Smiley, who died in 1922, were brothers

Miss Anne Christian and Mr. Egerton

These two were guests on the bridegroom's side at the Christian-Smiley wedding. Anne Christian is one of John Christian's two sisters. She and her sister Mary and their brother ran a house together in Chelsea Square



Racing at Newbury

Mr. and Mrs. Fulke Walwyn (left) went together to the Newbury Autumn Meeting, where there were bigger crowds than usual and big fields—thirty-two starters in the Autumn Handicap. Mr. Walwyn, now serving with a mechanised unit, is in peace-time a trainer and G.R.

Another young couple at Newbury were Mr. and Mrs. Edward Butler-Henderson (below, left). Standing between them is his sister, Mary Butler-Henderson. Mrs. Butler-Henderson is Irish, was Elizabeth Dacres-Dixon before her wedding six weeks ago to the Hon. Eric Butler-Henderson's second son

A third young husband who got leave to go racing with his wife at Newbury was Capt. Patrick Smyly (below, right). Mrs. Smyly was Diana Mills before their July wedding. A picture of his brother's fiancée, the Hon. Dorothy Berry, is on p. 149

Mr. David Rose and Mrs. Harry Roy

David Rose, head of the Paramount film organisation in Britain, went to the premiere of "French Without Tears" (made by his company), at the Plaza, talked there to Mrs. Harry Roy. Her husband's dance-orchestra was on the air recently from the London restaurant where he plays. Mr. Rose a day or two later saw his wife and small son off to America on the Washington

Douglas Byng as the Mayoress

They Rode to Banbury Cross

A distinguished company of entertainers went down to the School Hall at Banbury to entertain men of the—at any rate, men. Douglas Byng, whose Flora MacDonald and Landlady and Mayoress (left) took new leases of life, and Bea Lillie, here in her striped uniform, headed the company, and there were also Nancy Logan, Mary Ann Davies and Edythe Baker. Stage manager in the show was Lt. Lord Birkenhead (behind). Bea Lillie was taking time off from preparations for the revue she will appear in at the Queen's with Bobby Howes

Theatre News : Entertaining the Army, Knitting for the Navy, and—Young Ladies

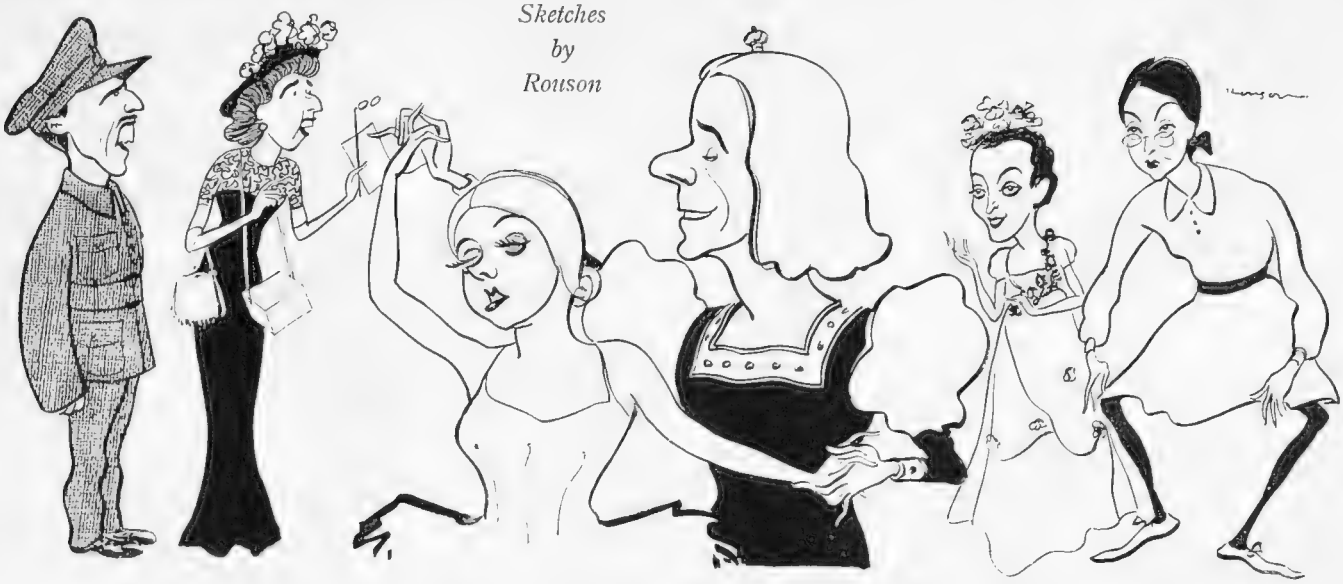
Knitting for the Navy

Sailors have been chosen by the cast of Farjeon's Little Revue as the beneficiaries of the between-turn knitting which the whole cast now practises; here Hermione Baddeley works in her Little dressing-room

Mr. Cochran and His Youngest Ladies Smile at Each Other

C. B. Cochran's revue "London Charivari" is booked to open on November 22nd at the Opera House, Manchester, with Evelyn Laye, Doris Hare, Phyllis Stanley, Clifford Mollison in the cast. A further important link in the chain of attraction was added last week—the Young Ladies, seen here after their successful auditions at the Palace Theatre. "London Charivari" will go even further from London for Christmas—to Glasgow

Sketches by Rouson



Patriot George Benson, conversationalist Charlotte Leigh, ballet-dancers Hermione Baddeley and Cyril Ritchard, pastoral Irene Eisinger, folk-dancer Betty Ann Davies

The Theatre

Two Revues: the Little and the Gate

JUST now no form of entertainment stands a better chance of popularity than revue. It might have been invented for us—as part of the Home Office emergency regulations, if Government departments were given to happy inventions. Audiences are largely composed of civilians who want to be made to see the funny side of the inconveniences which beset their lives, and revue, which can touch lightly on this or that and even make cruel but truthful comments that would be beneath the dignity of most daily newspapers, is the very thing. Later, the theatre may have to reckon with audiences that wish to forget worse things than inconveniences, and then, if the history of the last war repeats itself, musical comedy and the dazzling multitudinous chorus and the sentimental song will come into their own again.

MEANWHILE, the new editions of Mr. Herbert Farjeon's, *Little Revue*, at the Little Theatre, and the equally lively, equally quick-witted *Gate Revue*, at the Ambassadors, are just what the more intelligent doctors have ordered.

They taste differently, of course, but both taste good. The one is a Bronx; the other a Dry Martini. Mr. Farjeon leans to good-natured burlesque; Miss Diana Morgan and Mr. Robert Macdermot, who have written most of the *Gate Revue*, to sharp-edged topical satire. Miss Hermione Baddeley and Mr. Cyril Ritchard are at their most characteristic when they are good-humouredly mocking what was silly but harmless in the world of yesterday—the odd behaviour of melodious Magyar gipsies on the stage, the life-long refusal of dancers to know when the game is up, the 1912 notion of masculine devilry among the ladies, and so forth. Indeed, the benign inanity of Mr. George Benson, illuminating every aspect of his victim's absurdity, is of the essence of this kindly, comic revue, though Miss Joyce Grenfell's satire is as merciless as it is fresh and masterly, and, to touch elegance and sophistication with beauty, there is Miss Irene Eisinger's lovely voice. It is heard in that superbly mocking pastiche of eighteenth-century pastoral from *An Elephant in Arcady*, "Awake, ye Bulls and Heifers."

FOR benign mockery the *Gate Revue* offers us malicious satire. There are signs that the authors have worked at speed to bring an entertainment which was interrupted on the eve of its 200th performance up to date. One or two of the topical sketches—a German broadcasting-station and the evacuated mothers—show signs of this haste; but a presentment of three Kensington girls who live in Kensington Gore and come complete with social ambition into war work is as polished and as envenomed as lovers of satire could possibly desire, and the point is driven home with a smacking good tune. Miss Hermione Gingold, whether dealing with topics of war or peace, is always fierce and brilliantly light; Mr. Walter Crisham is wonderfully sure in his attack on any song or dance, and makes deadly play upon a film-star at work; Miss Joan Swinstead's dry, scornful manner perfectly suits her material; and, in short, there is nothing to choose in cleverness, verve and sparkle between Miss Hermione Baddeley's team at the Little and Miss Hermione Gingold's team at the Ambassadors. The wit of the one show is a trifle more acid than the wit of the other; that is the chief difference. The important thing is that both are witty.

A. V. C.

Strip-teaser Reginald Beckwith, snake-charmer Hermione Gingold, dance-instructress Kay Young, stranded Walter Crisham, goldfish-killer Nicholas Phipps, British broadcaster Joan Swinstead

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

" The Ritz, please ! "

STORY, true, readers, for the use of: Some months ago a British brass-hat of high rank was visiting Berlin. Among the places to which his hosts took him was a large infantry barracks outside that hideous city where, he was assured, he would observe military science calling in modern psychology to make the Nazi war-machine quite perfect. One of the show-points of the establishment was a big lecture-hall, the walls of which were hung with greatly enlarged reproductions of 1914-18 Bairnsfather cartoons, with the captions in German. His hosts explained their use as the brass-hat peered appreciatively round. Psychology, realising that a sense of humour is a valuable military factor in which the German genius is somewhat deficient, had determined to instil humour into the troops by scientific method. The British visitor, murmuring polite approval, stepped up to examine more closely some additional letterpress which appeared under each cartoon. One which he especially remembers showed Old Bill and Young Bert astride a shattered outhouse roof during a summer evening's bombardment. As an enormous shell drones past Old Bill's left ear he remarks, " Corblimey, Bert, these flies ain't 'arf troublesome," or words to that effect. Underneath the careful translation of this jape was the explanatory professorial note in bold Gothic type : " Of course, it was not a fly ! It was a shell."

Suiting

IF you take down Slogger Shaw's *You Never Can Tell* from your shelves and, carefully blowing off the dust, turn to that whimsy, terrible bit of love-making between the dentist and Gloria, you will find Shaw's hero pointing out (we quote from memory) that when armourplate turns out to be too tough to be pierced, bigger and better guns are made by the other side, followed by even tougher armourplate, followed by even bigger guns, and so on ad infinitum. We 've always thought the Slogger's psychology was a trifle weak in this scene, since the haughty sweetheart doesn't rise up and brain the tiresome ass with his own forceps. However, his argument reminds one that before long the Allies will doubtless find a bullet to deal with the duraluminum armour worn by picked German shock-troops, though the German High Command may even sooner find it somewhat over-rated as gents' action-suitings go. Many chaps will remember those bullet-proof vests their aunts so kindly sent them during the last war. We never met anybody who had ever worn one more than once, and each Christmas you could trace many a battalion from the trenches to " rest " billets by the trail of aunties' vests dumped on either side of the road. No doubt one can get used to such a burden in time, like the Führer, but few of the troops of that day had the patience. We often wonder to what uses the frugal French peasant turned these dainty gifts. Perhaps, like those desert tribes who still wear Crusaders' chain-mail, the more dressy regard them now as heirlooms.

The most practical bit of armour in vogue during the last war was the steel shaving-mirror carried in the left breast pocket, which deflected many a nasty one. Our Allies, who are notably careless about facing death with a pink, smoothly shaven pan (they seem to think it doesn't matter), were forced to admit that we had 'em there.

" Cissy ! "

Tonic

ANOTHER London plague-pit has been uncovered, apparently, this time in the grounds of the London Hospital, where trenches are being dug. A more accessible site, if you like to enliven a stroll these starry nights with a little exercise of the imagination, is just outside the Finchley Road corner of Lord's, round about where the church now stands ; a fitting juxtaposition when you think of the Living Dead who crowd those stands regularly every season. Here, even more than outside Tattersall's, where another huge pit was dug in 1665, it is possible, with the help of Slogger Defoe, a bit of a liar and a first-class journalist, to indulge in a nice little dollop of reconstructed Grand Guignol : the smoky torches coming slowly up the country road from Marylebone ; the creaking of the heavy carts ; the scattered lanthorns bobbing and waving round the open pit ; the " Whoas ! " and the grumblings, the hoofs stamping and shuffling, the quick spadework, the oaths, and the final adjournment to the nearest ale-house. For such macabre scenes we have to thank the Dutch, who conveyed the Great Plague of 1665-6 from Amsterdam in bales of cotton, unless we err. Oddly enough, everybody seems already to have forgotten the Greater Plague of 1918-19, when what is called the Spanish Influenza swept over the whole of Europe and claimed many more victims than its predecessor, possibly as many as the Black Death.

The moral, from which we personally derive comfort and cheer, is that whatever we suffer now, men have suffered before, and will again. Time and again Western civilisation has seemed to be toppling down the drain for ever, but it has always bobbed back again. Wars,

massacres, plagues, panics, invasions, Huns, Orientals, politicians, Nazis, Big Business men, Left Book Clubs come and go. Like boils on an Etonian neck, they cause some temporary irritation but do not affect the Ultimate Poise. In every age some ruling bonehead has switched off the Great Rosy Dawn just as it seemed to be peeping over the hills, but everyone still goes on hoping, especially the Labour Party, and so God bless you all. Leaflets containing this valuable homily, to be obtained from "Auntie Joy," c/o this page, at 5/- per 100, may be soaked in warm milk and applied to the afflicted part.

Jane

ABOUT the phoniest story written about or round the last Great War was an offering by Kipling called, if you remember, *The Janeites*, describing the lyric ecstasies of a battery in France on being introduced to Jane Austen's writings. We didn't believe it then, and we don't now. In our view, the Slogger had been nobbled by some of Auntie *Times's* boys and girls, who are constantly boosting that charmer and her works in high, well-bred, rather priggish voices, led at one time by the cultured soprano of the late A. B. Walkley. There would be little to complain about if the old snobisme weren't cropping up again, as we observe. We've nothing personally against La Austen, a thoroughly nice writer, but we don't like her fans much, especially the more refined elderly males of that coterie. One way of stopping these at a dinner-party, we find, is to maintain stoutly that Jane Austen and all her characters are as boiled as owls.

What the infantry like, if you're sending them books, is rich, meaty, full-blooded stuff, Buchan and Edgar Wallace and Wheatley and (even now—we recently enquired) Ethel M. Dell and Elinor Glyn. "Action!" is the cry, whether it takes place behind the German lines or in thugs' hideouts or in apartments full of hunting-crops and tiger-skins and swarthy Russian princes up to no good. About the artillery we're dubious. They live in such a different world. Remembering suddenly how, when Princess Juliana's babies were born, highly-strung gunner sergeants swooned away at Soestdijk while waiting to fire the signal, we shouldn't wonder on second thoughts if we're wrong about that Kipling fantasy. Try 'em with Proust or Virginia Woolf, and see what the recoil 's like.

Stigma

THE sissy habit, as Americans deem it, of carrying a walking-stick is coming into fashion again for black-out use, we note, and reviving an ancient British industry. Why it should be a sissy habit we can't explain, any more than we can explain why, some thirty of forty years ago, the hayseed British population consistently heaved half-bricks and dead cats at pioneers of the No-Hat Brigade, as your Great-Uncle Joseph will tell you. Under Prohibition those Americans who carried glass-lined sticks holding a half-pint of rye or Bourbon—it certainly took a 100-per-cent. man to drink some of it—were not mishandled by the indignant mob to any extent, so it may be that the plain wooden stick alone is the mark of degeneracy, like the hairnets worn by Latins who defeat Anglo-Saxons at lawn tennis. Whether a swordstick also carries this aspersion with it is another question we'd want to have debated. Also whether a chap like (e.g.) Prince Rupert, who not only carried a stick (with tassels) but wore long curls over a Mechlin lace collar when he charged at the head of his cavalry, would get a good mark on Broadway.

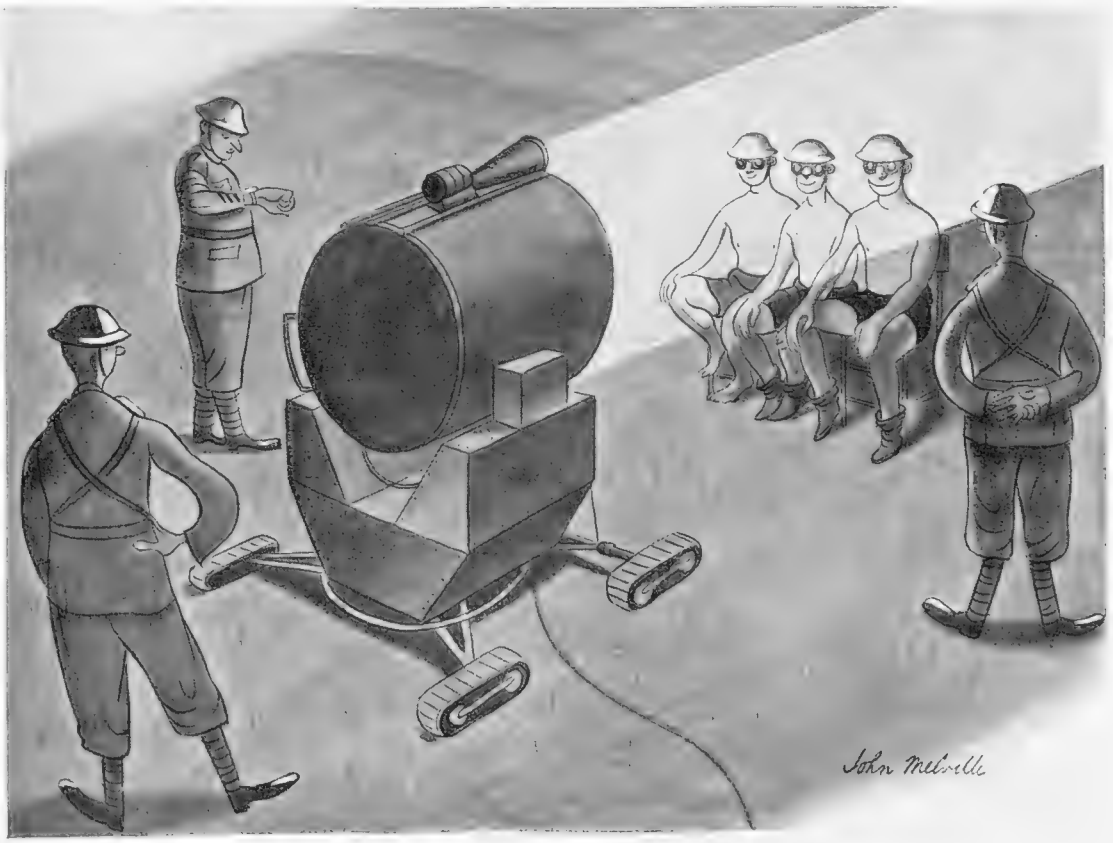
The Basque position also needs clearing up. The tough, hairy and admirable Basques are, or were till recently, very fond of carrying a stick called a *makila*, which is made of hard medlar-wood and has a sharp point. This stick they use, either in sport or, when necessary, in earnest, like a rapier, and with devilish strength and skill. We hardly think the Basques are dudes (a nice refrain, incidentally, for a Ballade), or gigolos, but the New World has pretty severe moral standards and one never knows.

Spicebox

"RIBBENTROP the Lady-Killer! Amazing Disclosures! Exclusive Pictures!" shrilled an excited weekly, and we wondered mildly if it had chosen the wisest kind of friends and advisers. There is, of course, a large public perpetually straining gooseberry eyes and flapping huge ears for spice, and the gambols of the Mayfair rich have been its staple condiment for generations. But when it comes to raking up and floodlighting the private lives of Ribbentrop, Goebbels, and Co. to-day it seems to us, as a pastime, just a trifle ironic, since it suggests surely that our own big boys are entirely free from sin (which they probably are, though we shall never really know till Doomsday - Leet). The Island Race has always held to the sacred convention that its heroes are immaculate, even when it presents them with priceless dinner-services bearing the portrait of their mistresses, as in Nelson's case.

The cynical and realist French—to whom, with all their faults, we owe most of our civilisation after all—never put their big boys on pedestals, and therefore never have to flood them continuously in a pure pink glow of rectitude. Consequently the pastimes of such politicians as Félix Faure, for example, or Gambetta, or Barthou (to whose alleged hobbies the implacable Léon Daudet used to allude pleasantly in print at least three times a week over years) are everyday café gossip, and accepted with a shrug as common to the species. It is true that the French are free to discuss these things, and also true that when Cecil Chesterton probed that Marconi share business some years ago, it gave the Law and a Royal Commission considerable trouble to whitewash the boys concerned. Two types of Democracy, as we've remarked before: the one strong, the other sweet.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"One more minute, boys"

Films of the Day

From Criterion Theatre to Plaza Cinema

By George Campbell

THERE were two schools of thought about *French Without Tears*, which made such a hit at the Criterion; and the film version will not convert either of them. The masses who laughed uproariously when a character spoke French no worse than their own, or compared another character's face to bedroom crockery, will find the film just as enjoyable. Those who thought the play the shallowest sort of fooling will have their worst suspicions confirmed.

Justice, as usual, lies somewhere between the two extremes. Nobody with a vestige of judgment could mistake a bright, slick piece of undergraduate nonsense for a comic masterpiece. Equally, Mr. Rattigan must be given credit for the qualities that go with his defects. If he has nothing new to say, he is at least a neat embroiderer of clichés; none of his characters ever lived outside the theatre, but within their natural habitat they display such animation, flutter here and there with such animated gestures and such amusing chatter, that the easy-going playgoer is content to accept them as life.

As a well-known sourpuss, I was not amused. Or, if amused occasionally, I had no difficulty in keeping my mirth within bounds. There is comedy, of a simple kind, to be derived from the impact of a pretty hussy on a party of bachelors. Told in three reels, Mr. Rattigan's little fable would be fun. Spread over seven or eight, the joke wears thin. The incident is too repetitive and the dialogue is flippant rather than witty. Given a script by Ben Hecht in his *Nothing Sacred* form—but what's the use? Ben Hechts don't grow on trees. Especially—I don't want to knock the old home product, but I really must add—especially English trees.

ANTHONY ASQUITH, confronted with the difficulty of making a stage-play move, has directed with the lightest of touches, and it is not until the last bad quarter of an hour that the thing really drags. The acting, on the other hand, is patchy all through. Paramount originally bought the story, for what writers of the fine old school would call a cool ten thousand, at the request of Marlene Dietrich. It seems Miss Dietrich rather saw herself devastating the crammer's young men. Later, presumably, she thought better of it, or Paramount thought worse of her. Anyway, it was decided to make the film in England, with Ellen Drew (from Hollywood) as the vamp. Though of a more suitable age than Miss Dietrich—surely a trifle mature for this sort of thing—Miss Drew struck me as hardly a femme fatale, and her range of tricks is limited. Ray Milland makes a pleasant cynic, resisting the hussy's advances only to surrender at the altar; Roland Culver (a satirist of style and restraint) and Guy Middleton play the parts they had in the stage version; David Tree dithers suitably, like a fowl enamoured of a python; and Jim Gerald plays the stage French professor to the life.

THE reception of *Gibraltar* seems a little mixed. Some critics find it an exciting thriller, uncommonly well acted; others saw in it nothing but the old spy hocus-pocus. I enjoyed it a lot. The plot is old; but then, how many plots are there? Five, according to some critics; others say seven. Some of the finest films ever made—*Ben Hur, The Covered Waggon, Bengal Lancer*—can be reduced to a dry-as-dust formula; what really counts is the treatment: characterisation, revealing incident, and dialogue. And here *Gibraltar* is out of the rut of spy films. The background of Gibraltar, with its massive walls and dry moats, where the dishonoured hero is stripped of his insignia; the conventional but vivid figure of the Spanish dancer, given reality and earthy fascination by Viviane Romance's beauty and shrewd exploitation of sex-appeal; "Maori," the murderer, smiling secretly at thoughts of death; the sinister figure of Erich von Stroheim, a shade theatrical, perhaps, but no more theatrical than the master-spy in real life probably is—these, for me, gave the film a charm which its occasional clichés could not kill.

IT is a pity about the Dead End Kids. In their first film they struck a note as haunting as Gorki's. With their hopeless poverty, their bitter humour, their instinctive hostility to the social order that created them, they were something new on the screen; as different from sentimental little Oliver Twist as Al Capone is different from Bill Sikes. These lean youngsters with the wise old faces were not just juvenile prodigies. Born and bred on the East Side, they were the real thing, typical of the wastage that turns potentially fine material into unemployed at best, and at worst into ward heelers, pimps and gangsters.

Now they have reached a dead end in earnest. Hollywood, uncertain what to do with them, can think of nothing better than watered variations of the mixture as before. *Angels Wash Their Faces* is all about the election of one of the Kids as mayor in Boys' Week, and how he puts the gangsters in the stocks, under an ancient law, and forces them to confess. Properly handled, the idea was promising; but somehow something went wrong. On the whole, I'm inclined to think they put the wrong people in the stocks.

"French Without Tears" at the Plaza

Terence Rattigan's long-running play has now made the screen at the hands of Mario Zampi and Anthony Asquith, who respectively produced and directed for Paramount British. Ellen Drew ("Bystander" frontispiece last week), takes Kay Hammond's part; Roland Culver plays his own of the Commander (left); Janine Darcey is the professor's daughter and Ray Milland the handsome hero (above)

More Fragments from France : By Bruce Bairnsfather

"On the whole the day passed quietly. . . ."

The Ballets Jooss Are on Tour

"A SPRING TALE"

The Prince (Hans Zullig) dances while the Knight (Rolf Alexander) and the Huntsman (Hans Gansert) look on

A Spring Tale, first performed in London in its new form during the Ballets Jooss season at the Old Vic last May, is the happiest, most satisfying of the light works in the repertoire. The fairy-story of a shy Princess, a gallant Prince, a narrow-minded absurd Court, a wood haunted by witches, sprites and a bogy-man is handled with imaginative fantasy by the choregrapher Kurt Jooss, with dancing that is nearer to classical ballet than in any other of his works. Hans Zullig is excellent as the Prince, strong, clean and light in all his movements, and Ella Soederbaum as his shy Princess is charmingly graceful. The music is by Fritz Cohen, the attractive dresses in light, fresh colours are by Hein Heckroth

The Butler (Heinz Schwarze) pays unwelcome court to the Mistress of Ceremonies (Bunty Slack)

The Princess (Ulla Soederbaum), at first unwilling to be loved, is wooed and won in the end by the handsome Prince (Hans Zullig)

Photographs by Anthony

"CHRONICA", A DANCE DRAMA WITH A TOPICAL SIGNIFICANCE

In "Chronica," the sixteenth-century Italian tale tells of a tyrant or dictator of the day, his rise to power, his abuse of power, his downfall and death. Linked with his story is that of Clarissa, sister of a young nobleman, who fell in love with Fortunato, the tyrant, became his mistress, went mad when she realised he was not a liberating hero but a brutal suppressor of all freedom. Noelle de Mosa (right, above) takes this part, and is photographed here with three of her friends

This action-study of Fortunato (Rudolf Pescht) was made during one of his solos. The dresses for "Chronica" were designed by Dimitri Bouchene

Fortunato, the tyrant (right), is played by Rudolf Pescht; Ferrone, a condottiere, and the tyrant's "chief of police," is Ernst Uthoff. In the fine action-picture on the right are two more important characters in this dance drama: Andrea, the young nobleman and brother of Clarissa (Rolf Alexander), and Filippo, a spy (Otto Struller), whom Andrea kills. As in all Jooss ballets, the dancing of the men has a virile energy, their acting a notable sincerity and concentration. Dramatic effectiveness in a ballet of this length and size of conception would undoubtedly be enhanced, however, by scenery instead of the plain black curtains, and a full orchestra's sustaining power

Clarissa (Noelle de Mosa) dances in the unhappy madness of her disillusionment over her tyrant-lover. On the right are Clarissa and Fortunato

Chronica, Kurt Jooss' three-act dance drama, to music by Berthold Goldschmidt, was, like *A Spring Tale*, first seen in London in the early summer. It is a powerful addition to the seven-ballet Jooss repertoire which still includes his immortal satire, *The Green Table*. The company set out from Dartington Hall two or three weeks ago for the provinces, never so artistically courted as since the war began. After appearing at Bristol, Stratford, Norwich, the Ballets Jooss have sailed for the neutral freedoms of Ireland—Dublin and Cork—returning later, via Manchester, to Devon to prepare for their visit to America, which is planned for the New Year

Tunbridge

Mr. Nevinson stands by the window of his studio on Haverstock Hill

In the last war, Christopher Richard Wynne Nevinson became an official war artist in 1917, and considers that round about that time "we had the finest propaganda machine the world has ever seen—because it contained the best literary and artistic brains in the country." He was then twenty-eight, had given his first exhibition in London seven years earlier, and had spent two years on active service in Flanders, getting his discharge (with a Mons Star) in 1916. In the same year he gave his first show of war pictures at the Leicester Galleries. On the other page are three examples of his work of that time. In this war, Mr. Nevinson has not been slow to speak his opinion on the artistic situation. He thinks—and he is not alone in thinking and in saying so—that art should be mobilised. Other artists and writers and musicians have stressed the need to keep music, painting, literature, the theatre, the ballet alive during difficult days, and to make their fruits easily available to a scattered, often discouraged, public. Mr. Nevinson, true son of a famous journalist father (H. W. Nevinson, who, incidentally, published in 1936 the prophetically named book, *Between the Wars*), emphasises the propaganda value of such mobilisation. Where others plead for a Ministry of Arts, he demands a "Ministry of Inspiration," through which the world should be told and be stirred to understand what this country does and thinks and hopes and fights for. Unless artists are quickly given their proper part to play, he also threatens, they will starve to death or start a revolution

Let's Mobilise Art . . .

ys C. R. W. Nevinson, who was official war artist to British and Canadian Governments twenty-two years ago

Tunbridge

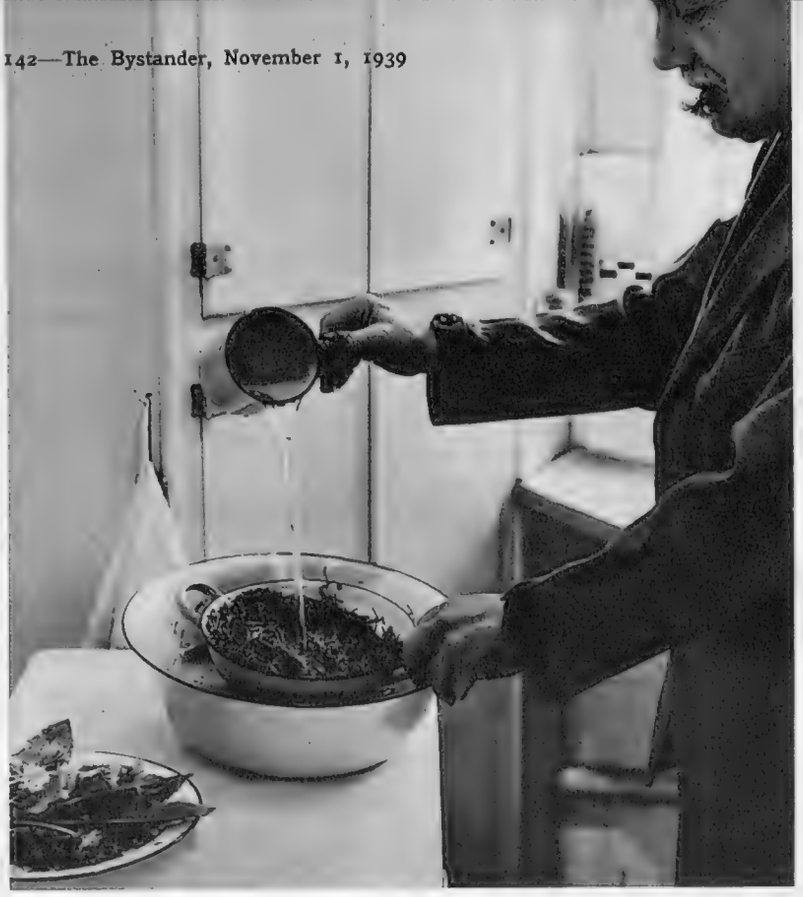
he artist and his "Twentieth Century Man," symbolic picture which he completed in 1935

"A Taube" (A Dove): a painting of the first victim of an air raid of the last war. (Taubes were a type of German 'plane)

"The Arras-Bapaume Road," reproduced many times, was said to have inspired the song, "There's a Long, Long Trail a-Winding"

"The Lorry Jumpers" is another Nevinson picture which turns our twenty-one years of peace into an unreal dream

Harvesting: Mr. Branson creates the appetite for his grass by mowing it first. The sweepings are then bagged and taken indoors for preparation



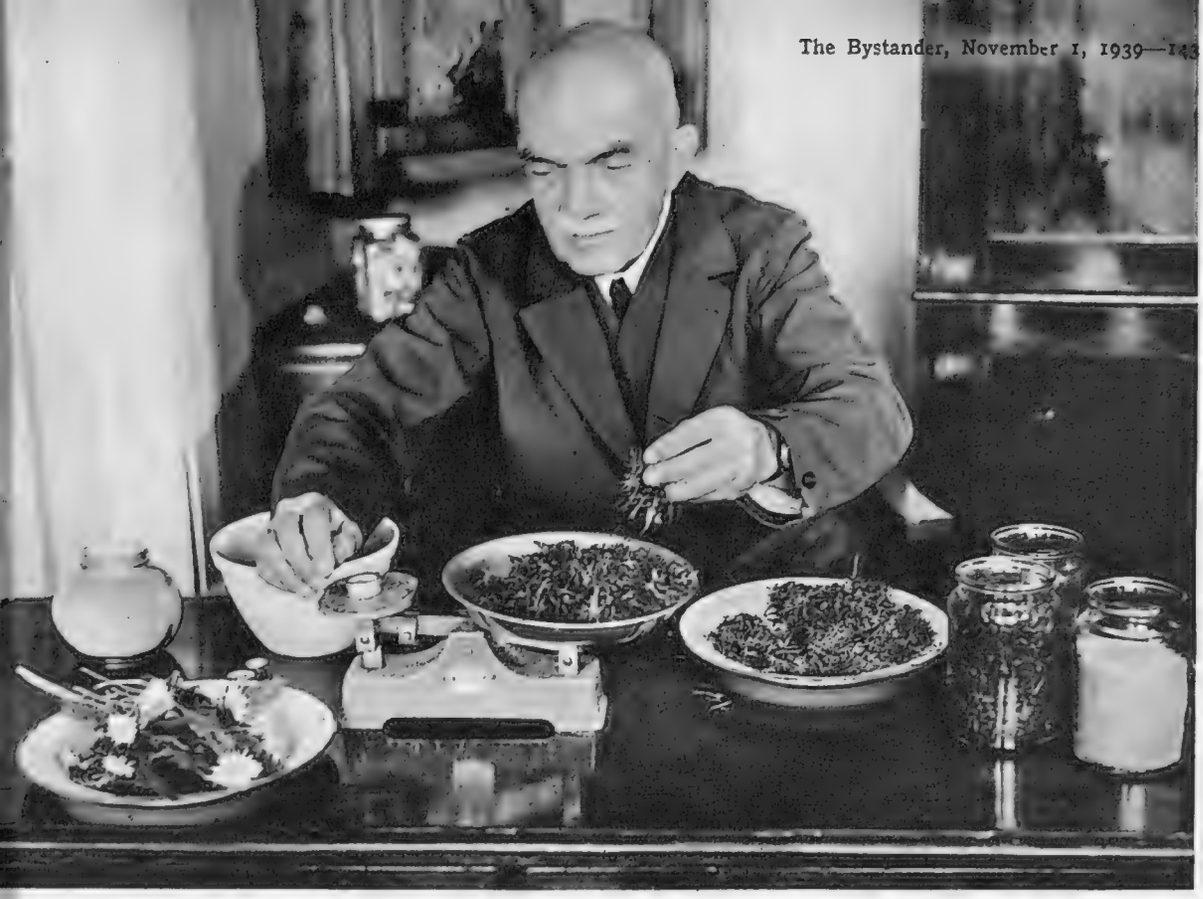
Washing: the mown grass is carefully washed and dried, and a few dandelions — flowers and leaves — put aside as a bonne bouche

The Man Who Eats Grass

The Minister of Agriculture says "plough up your grass"; Mr. J. R. B. Branson says "eat it!"

Mr. Branson's food bill for the week is reckoned at 2s., but the rental on a decent-sized grass-producing garden in London is not included, nor depreciation of lawn mower and so on. The grass-eater, at sixty-seven, declares he has never felt better than now

Storage is effected in carefully labelled boxes: "Bowling green short 1938," "Long topped 1939," and "Dried grass 1938." In the winter these rations are very necessary to a grass-eater. Will the gourmet of the future speak reverently of such vintages as "Centre Court 1941" or "Berghof lawn 1937"?



Mixing: the ration is weighed out and mixed with sugar: though grass contains everything necessary to the human organism, its carbohydrate (cellulose) is unassimilable. Mr. Branson changed his diet gradually to 100 per cent. grass; he was eating 25% other vegetables when these pictures were taken

Consuming: he eats in appropriate surroundings, keeps moving while he masticates

"MAKE a pasture, break a man; break a pasture, make a man," said an old country wisecrack, and so, hard-pressed, we are hoping to make ourselves by breaking our pastures, digging into the capital resources of our soil. More and more in recent years grass has come into prominence: as a crop (hay) it has only been gathered here for 200 years; the conversion of it to silage, a valuable aid to stock rations, is no older than this century; most modern is the compressing of young grass into cakes which are said to supplant imported oil cakes; and finally, Mr. J. R. B. Branson, a thoughtful and distinguished retired lawyer, swears by grass as a human food, in what manner as we here illustrate. Mr. Branson, who lives in Battersea, is a brother of Sir George Branson, a judge in the King's Bench Division. He is a graduate of Trinity, Cambridge, an ex-captain and coach of the First Trinity Boat Club. He practised as a solicitor in Madras, was O.C. clothing at Aldershot in the last war. Now he has retired to think out his philosophy, which is belief in God but opposition to religion. The grass diet is a sideline

"The same hour was the thing fulfilled upon Nebuchadnezzar: and he was driven from men, and did eat grass as oxen . . ."
[Daniel, 4, 33.]

***Every morning** at 6 a.m. Mr. Branson runs thus round Wandsworth Common. Though he is the first man seriously to try a full grass diet, he is not the pioneer of the possibilities of grass as a human food: Eustace Miles used to make a jam of it*

***We hope** German propagandists don't see this picture*

The Lady Lavinia Rogerson

This going-away snapshot was taken after Lady Lavinia Dundas' very quiet wedding to Captain John Creagh Rogerson, late 15th Hussars, at Our Lady of the Assumption, Warwick Square. She is the second of the three daughters of the Marquess and Marchioness of Zetland, of Aske, Richmond, Yorks, is twenty-four this year. Her younger sister, now Lady Jean Christie, married the son of a Yorkshire neighbour of the Zetlands last month. Lord Zetland has been Secretary of State for India since 1935

Mr. Eric White and Lady Elizabeth Townshend

A country wedding was that of Eric Richard Meadows White, second son of Sir Robert White, Bt., and Lady White, of Boulge Hall, Suffolk, and Lady Elizabeth Townshend, at East Raynham Parish Church. She is the only daughter of the late Marquess Townshend and the Dowager Marchioness Townshend, is twenty-two, seven years younger than her husband. Her brother, Lord Townshend (who married Elizabeth Luby in September), is on service so was not able to give his sister away

Five Weddings

Mr. Verey and Miss Sandilands

David Cecil Winter Verey and Rosemary Isabel Baird Sandilands were married at St. James's, Piccadilly. He is the only son of the Rev. Cecil and Mrs. Verey, of Barnsley Close, Cirencester, Glos. She is the younger daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Prescott Sandilands, of 121, Coleherne Court, S.W. She now works for the Red Cross

Mr. Fitz Patrick, Miss Weisweiller

Noel Edward Fitz Patrick is the eldest son of the late Lt.-Col. G. H. J. Fitz Patrick (formerly Skeffington Smyth) and the late Hon. Mrs. Skeffington Smyth; Denise Weisweiller is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gustave Weisweiller, of 43, Lowndes Square, S.W.1. They were married at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks

Miss Hamilton-Wedderburn, Mr. Gwyn

Anthony Jermy Gwyn, eldest son of Major and Mrs. R. P. Jermy Gwyn, formerly of Stanfield Hall, Norfolk, and Diana Hamilton-Wedderburn, eldest daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Hamilton-Wedderburn, of 15, Chelsea Square, S.W.3, were married at Brompton Oratory

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Monkey Business

By V. S. Pritchett

Is it desirable that human beings should live longer, say for two or three hundred years? Almost certainly no, is Mr. Aldous Huxley's reply. In fact, in his new extravaganza, *After Many a Summer* (Chatto and Windus; 7*s.* 6*d.*), the preacher of pacifism and non-attachment is beginning to doubt whether human beings should be allowed to live at all. Inevitably, the author of *Antic Hay* and *Crome Yellow*, who said there were no questions of morals but only questions of taste, now finds there are only questions of disgust. The best you can say of a baboon is "How human!" And of human beings, "How like baboons!"

So the fluting myopic history don, Mr. Jeremy Pordage, travels to the fake mediæval castle of Jo Stoyte in California, where Mr. Stoyte spreads himself in all his floodlit vulgarity. He has surrounded himself with Titians, Grecos and Raphaels, with a huge swag from the culture of Europe; still ashamed and terrified, he buys up scientists and scholars such as Jeremy Pordage, Peter Boone, Dr. Obispo; obsessed at the thought of approaching death, he pours out money for research into longevity. And he tries to maintain an illusion of unimpaired youth and virility by the company of his mistress, a show girl called Miss Maunciple, who spends her time praying to the Virgin, sun-bathing, and eating banana-splits. But while the scientists are experimenting with the intestinal flora of the carp, while Jeremy Pordage is discovering in the papers of the fifth Earl of Goniston (which he is editing) that fruity mixture of eighteenth-century pornography, eccentricity and meditation which his predecessors in Mr. Huxley's novels have always found so diverting, one Mr. Propter appears. He lives outside the "castle," lectures them all on the errors of humanism, the disasters attending ideals which are mere projections of cravings of the ego, and the necessity of non-attachment and the belief in God. Mr. Propter is a bore and a lay figure. He is occasionally very sound, he is usually destructive and vague and he has a bad effect on Mr. Huxley's prose. The vaguer the thought, the more words it requires. The less there is to be said for Mr. Propter, the more Mr. Huxley wants to say it: but the alternatives are the schoolboy gloatings of Mr. Pordage, the cynical seductions of Dr. Obispo, or the dreadful day-dreams of Miss Maunciple. In the end Mr. Stoyte, in a fit of senile jealousy, shoots the younger of the scientists, and now, permanently blackmailed by the Doctor, goes to England. There the Doctor gets him into the cellars of the Goniston mansion and confirms his suspicion that the fifth Earl, who had been doing his own experiments on carp 200 years ago, had hit upon the recipe for lengthening human life. Screeching, dribbling, filthy, this talented peer is found still alive in the cellars, cohabiting with his housekeeper. They have returned to the baboon.

There is a good deal of the goggling adolescent in Mr. Huxley, in his fascination with entrails, his horror of sex, and his longing for other worldliness. He hates stupidity, but that is because he hates life. The best things in this book are not Mr. Propter's despairing calls to the Deity, or Mr. Pordage's dirty chuckle, but the moments when the unconverted satirist appears. There is poor brother Tom at the Foreign Office, who, on the brink of a nervous breakdown, after the Abyssinian war, "had managed, in the nick of time, to get himself converted to Catholicism. Thenceforward, he had been able to pack up the moral responsibility for his share in the iniquity, to take it to Farm Street, and leave it there, in camphor, so to speak, with the Jesuit Fathers. Admirable arrangement!" Two days after the sack of Nanking, he published a volume of comic verses; between the *Anschluss* and Munich, he put on eleven pounds. "Another year or two in Farm Street and Power politics and Tom would turn the scale at 14 stone and have written the libretto of a musical comedy."

"Taxi, Sir?"

It is reviving to turn from the revulsions of too much good taste and to read Mr. Richard Llewellyn's novel about a childhood and youth in a Welsh mining valley when the great strikes were beginning to break up the old folk life of the miners. *How Green Was My Valley* (Michael Joseph; 8*s.* 6*d.*) is a fresh and beautifully simple retelling of a tale which has often been told in recent years. Its success is partly due to the naïvety of the English-Welsh idiom, but chiefly, I think, because the whole picture is seen through the living, excited eyes of a growing boy. The Morgans are a respectable, religious, mining household. One sees their daily life, with the large family growing up, the disputes about religion and politics, rising to the tragic drama of the strikes, the angers and humour of the parents, the halting love-affairs of the children, the intense imaginative life stimulated by the Bible and the chapel; and the narrative has, what all the Irish and Welsh writers get and the English ones never do, a feeling for the shining stream of daily living. The Welsh have a love of metaphor, and eloquence which in literature degenerates into a sort of "beautiful writing" full of sound and colour, but devoid of much meaning; but it puts life into their daily speech which is full of tribal zest and vivid phrases. The dialogue of this novel is a delight. Here is Huw taken off by a policeman for beating up his schoolmaster:

> "What did I do to him?" I asked the policeman.
>
> "Tidy," the policeman said. "If I never take another step from by here. A couple of fat eyes, I will be bound, and still picking up his teeth. When I pulled you off, you were at him on the floor."

Two scenes stand out in my mind. One where the mild mother wakes up and goes out in the snow up the mountain-side, where a secret meeting is being held, to threaten to kill anyone who touches her husband or her sons; and a very subtle piece of comedy when the boy is sent to the preacher to ask him about the facts of life and gets it all told to him in terms of the Garden of Eden.

"Bed and Bored," by Lacey Owen (Cape; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is an American novel about a lady from St. Louis in the 1890's, who, being bored with the bed of her husband, made occasional excursions to that of a doctor. Contrary to the traditions of Anglo-Saxon novels, she enjoyed this, she was not remorseful, there were no evil consequences, no one got shot, murdered or drowned. In fact, the only consequence was that when, later on in life, she met the doctor again, she wondered if she should repeat the experiment. An agreeable character, Mrs. Herbert Bates, but unfortunately not very remarkable stuff for a novel. Can it be that happiness, having no history, is not worth writing about; that once you remove sin you throw every novelist out of work?

Novels recommended: *Parole d'Honneur.* Martin Freud (Gollancz; 7*s.* 6*d.*). *Passion Holiday.* Vera Watson (Cape; 7*s.* 6*d.*). *Love Has No Resurrection.* E. M. Delafield (Macmillan; 7*s.* 6*d.*).

"Bystander" Short Story

Li-Chang and Fashion Work Together

By Alison Settle

Illustrations by Lowen

She swept in, the sweep a little shorn of its customary magnificence by the fact that it was the rule of the house that clients left their hats and wraps with the vestiare before entering the salons. Nevertheless, she swept, chin up, mouth set, hand adjusting pearls at the throat, the other hand negligently encouraging a sneering peke. While her eyes made their sweep from table to table down the long room to see what acquaintances or enemies were there, the peke's eyes goggled along the same walls, but lower down, to see which of his acquaintances or enemies might similarly be present, attached to leads beneath or around the legs of the chairs. He threw out his chest, curved his tail over his back, arched his legs, puffed his magnificent squirrel-gold coat.

She stopped at the reception desk. "Wilson," she said, "Special shampoo, cut, set, manicure with Sybil." "Oh, no, my lady," said the receptionist freezingly, from her raised desk, "I am afraid not Wilson. You may have Sybil: you can have either Pierre or Jean-Jean. Wilson is busy."

The sweeping turned to swooping. Why was it that the house did this every time? Why was it that they took pleasure in humiliating their clients, yes, even their best, most influential clients? Why did they get away with it, so that every table, every chair down the long room, and in the rooms beyond, was full, so that you had to take what was given you? It was too much.

"I reserved Wilson. I always have Wilson. There is no one who understands my head like Wilson. . . ."

"Is there anything special about your head? Have you some trouble that he understands?" came freezingly from the raised reception-box. "But we will do our best to accommodate you, my lady. You shall have Jean-Jean."

"I will not have Jean-Jean: Wilson has colour value, Wilson has talented fingers, not like sausages. Besides, I ordered him: you reserved him."

"Jean-Jean has no sausages. Your ladyship cannot have ordered Wilson or the order would be here."

"But . . ." she nearly exploded, her blood-pressure rose dangerously, "I was in the room when my maid 'phoned."

"It is immaterial," said the receptionist, coldly, "Wilson is unavailable. Jean-Jean, take her ladyship. Here, my lady, is your wrap."

She was dismissed. Only a hairdresser whose every table, every pair of hands, every comb and mirror is engaged could afford to do such a thing to her. And because one must ever be where it is fashionable, it was impossible to sweep out and go to that good Minoise, whose establishment was opposite, for there Li-Chang would meet inferior dogs, the table on either side might be empty, there would not be the same gossip: in fact, one would not be in the fashion.

Jean-Jean was propitiatory. He knew good clients when he saw them, but was as yet not certain whether this was one or very nearly one. The very-nearlies he could not be bothered with: Wilson could have her back if she gave trouble, but she might prove a five-shilling tipper and wax in the hand. Who knew?

"Mr. Raphael was over from Paris yesterday," he announced. "He says that the hair-up movement is too far up; too set. It is an affair now for the bourgeoisie. His new movement has verve and effect. He composes with swing in his theme, but no more than a soupçon of swing. There is an undercurrent of tragedy, a waved effect that is muted, quiet, almost threatening, you may say, round the back of the head, later swirled, then foaming, breaking into tossed curls, prelude to a burst of gaiety at the crown. . . . Frothing curls that fall in a cascade as of sound grown silent, falling behind the ears to frame them in all their beauty. . . . Then silence again, represented in the sweep, curveless, waveless, across the head over the brow. Ah, it might be an *étude* composed especially for your ladyship."

Her ladyship purred. This was even better than Wilson. How had she come to think that the receptionist had had anything against her, was in any way paying her back for those few words they had had last time? No, no, how right she had been to reject utterly the thought of crossing the road to Minoise, the dullard. Wholeheartedly she concurred with Jean-Jean's every word. Raphael the coiffeur who never touched a head, who only composed in words and sketches with the hands, knew exactly what was coming and she would be the first to appear with that—what was it?—soundless effect of unwaved hair across the front, the cascade of curls foaming down behind her ears.

"And the curls, how many shall I need? For, of course, Wilson, who never seems to look ahead, never breathed that this new line was coming—he has cut my hair far too short for me to have my own curls. Never mind the price: just make certain that

(Concluded on page 154)

Behind the Lines

Stripes, skilfully used, are as good a slimming tonic as weeks of exercise. A discreet pencil-line emphasises the tailored slenderness of the knitted suit on the left, from Gorringes, Buckingham Palace Road. This costs 4½ guineas in various colours, such as blue and red, navy and rust, or brown and green for the country. You can choose a high-necked jumper in the same department to wear with it, or the neckline could be filled in with a cravat. This is a double-purpose suit, good for draughty country houses and grand to wear out-of-doors, with a top-coat added when winter really begins

Stripes again, streaking across the jacket of this ensemble from the Ready-to-Wear Department on the second floor of Jay's, Regent Street. The frock, pleated and tucked, is of soft Angora in that new shade of green called lichen, a subtle colour that seems made for tan accessories. Notice the waisted coat, longer than before and incidentally warmer, and the clever way in which the stripes are repeated on the belt and neckline of the dress. The whole outfit costs 12½ guineas. Tailored suits in this department are from 98s. 6d., in cheerful checks or plain tweeds, and there are three-pieces from 7½ guineas

Your hands can be kept up to standard, in spite of canteen work and ambulance driving, if you massage a few drops of Ess Viotto into the skin after washing. It smooths away roughness, and counteracts other cold-weather troubles such as redness or chapped knuckles. This lotion can be bought practically everywhere, in various sizes from 2s. 6d., and will be welcomed in your A.T.S. mess

Women's Golf: By Eleanor E. Helme

Going West

Go west for peace. This is no incitement to *felo de se*, nor am I qualifying as advertisement writer to the Great Western Railway. Only, on a tempting invitation and my last drop of petrol have I coasted—as far as possible—down to the Westward Ho ! neighbourhood and actually had a round over the Royal North Devon links. The experience made war seem some horrible, distant nightmare, dispelled by the sunshine which was flooding those well-loved Northam Burrows. Even Bernard Darwin's "stinking ditch" seemed bathed in glory. The car park had a goodly number of cars in it ; inside the club-house fires blazed, an attentive steward was behind the bar ; outside men were working on the course no less diligently than the sheep were doing their bit by cropping the turf. We are reminded by the more moral advocates of wartime expedients that sheep are far better than motor mowers for fairways ; to play over Westward Ho ! or any other course where the more primitive cutting-machine chews its placid way is to feel that the contention is right. The fairways at Westward Ho ! are grand, precisely what seaside turf at its best should be, firm yet springy, wiry but not coarse, and sheep are a permanent part of Westward Ho ! Yet on this particular sunny morning we had some dark suspicions against them. Why did a drive which had nothing worse than a slight urge in the direction of the inland sea at the third disappear completely ? Or another, this time straight over the centre of the bunker and down the middle of the fairway at the ninth ? There were some overgrown lambs about, innocent-looking enough, to be sure, but . . . ? If in a rationed future any Devonian, eating what is technically known as offal should meet a Dunlop No. 2—well, I may not claim lost property, but my opinion of the honesty of lambs will be confirmed.

Not only the "sitting-up" lies through the green but the greens themselves were utter perfection. It would be boastful to talk about the putts that went down ; I know full well that one 2 was arrived at by a good old scuffle which leapt up the plateau side, over humps, bumps and hollows, to finish a couple of feet from the hole ; but I do also know that the most accomplished excuse-finder in all Britain—whoever that may be—would have been hard put to it to find an excuse for bad putting. Much of the last Women's Championship at Westward Ho ! had grown a little hazy in mind, but as the round went on certain things came back : the schemozzle over the first appearance of Miss Glorio Minoprio with trousers and one club ; Mrs. Critchley gallantly breasting the undulations on a bicycle ; and then, in the final, the inspired putting of Miss Dorothy Pearson as she beat Miss Mary Johnson (now Mrs. Too-good), which no doubt was one more tribute to Westward Ho ! greens. Memory, though, went back further than that. There was the 1910 Open, when the wind blew an interminable gale and Miss Elsie Grant-Suttie progressed in masterly fashion from bunker to bunker to win the championship—a rightful ending, when Scotland had already won the Internationals. King Edward VII. died the evening of the final, but the golf that week had seemed as untroubled by historic events as the course did this time.

Then there was 1925, the English, won by Miss D. R. Fowler, who still strikes stout blows in Somerset, with Miss Joy Winn runner-up. And I seem to remember then a long-legged, long-pigtailed golfer destined to be one of our best, who was emerging painfully from the chrysalis stage, and whom, in those early days, I had the good luck to beat. There again I know it was the putts that did it. If some unimaginable fate were to swallow up the whole course at Westward Ho !, I for one would still go there with pleasure, just to hear the thunder of the turning tide beyond the Pebble Ridge ; to watch the "old man smoking his pipe" as the spray rises from the bar where twin rivers of Taw and Torridge meet the Atlantic ; to look across the burrows not only to Saunton of other happy memories, but up to the distant grey heights which are Exmoor.

Of course, if you look unduly at all these things rather than at the ball, misfortune will befall you. The Giant Sea Rushes, in all their local-rule capitals, are no less prickly than of yore, but there is still a hard-handed, soft-voiced son of Devon with a dog to retrieve your ball out of them, while you pick the luscious blackberries that festoon the rushes.

Back in Bideford they are making gas-masks with a rapidity which speaks well for amateur effort : Mrs. Tamworth, who was semi-finalist to Miss Grant-Suttie in that 1910 Open ; Mrs. Scott, who won the Devon Championship as Miss Foster, were assembling the beastly contraptions as if to the factory born. Miss Radford, another champion of the county, has joined the Women's Land Army, and may be met going a-milking. But the sun in setting still makes a golden path to Lundy, while the air blows sweet over the Burrows, and at Instow a crescent moon is reflected in the placid waters of Torridge. There is still hammering in the shipyards of Appledore, which once sent five vessels of the Fleet against the Armada. There is the same spirit about there yet : witness the notice on a church porch of a memorial service to men of Instow who lost their lives in the Courageous.

They Don't Shoot Golfers, Do They ?

"A Flock of Sheep That Leisurely Passed By"

Undismayed by guns, rifles or sheep, golfers still play their game. For women who now spend hours sitting at A.R.P. and ambulance posts, the off-duty round has a new intense pleasure. The player on the left found unexpected company when she got into a typical Surrey "rough" of brambles and gorse. At Blackburn (above), a shaggy flock of sheep nibble their wartime grazing off the fairways, and sometimes off the greens as well

Harlip

The Hon. Dorothy Berry

Dorothy Berry is engaged to Dennis Douglas Pilkington Smyly, younger son of the late Major and Mrs. R. J. Smyly, of Sweethay Court, Trull. She is the third of the five daughters of the late Lord Buckland (brother of Lord Camrose and Lord Kemsley) and Lady Buckland, of Woolton House, Newbury, Berks. Her fiancé's brother married Diana Mills in July

Lenare

Miss Cordelia Mary Stephen

Cordelia Mary Stephen announced her engagement in September to the Hon. Charles Paul Greenway, elder son of Lord and Lady Greenway, of Stangrove, Edenbridge, Kent. She is the younger daughter of Major and Mrs. Humphrey Campbell Stephen, of Pleasaunce Court, East Grinstead, Sussex

Five Engagements

Lenare

Miss Marjory Chaworth-Musters

Marjory Ann Chaworth-Musters is the eldest daughter of Captain and Mrs. A. Chaworth-Musters, of the Kedge, West Mersea, Essex. Hers was an early September engagement to Robert Eyton-Lloyd, only son of Mr. and Mrs. G. Eyton-Lloyd, of Eardisley, Herefordshire

Lenare

Miss Bobby Savory

Pamela Frances Savory is the youngest daughter of Sir William Savory, Bt., and Lady Savory, of Woodlands, Stoke Poges, Bucks., and 38, Westbourne Terrace, W.2., is an ambulance driver at the Shaftesbury Avenue A.R.P. depot. Her fiancé is Douglas Burbidge, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Burbidge, of Ewell, Surrey

Pearl Freeman

Miss Eileen de Moleyns

Eileen de Moleyns, only daughter of the late Hon. John Eveleigh-de-Moleyns, and the Hon. Mrs. John de Moleyns, of 58, Cheyne Court, S.W.3, and niece of Lord Ventry, is engaged to Alan Coldham, the well-known Australian tennis player, now of 29, Harrington Rd., S.W.7. He is the son of the late Francis Russell Coldham, of Ballarat, Vic., and Mrs. Lionel Popham

In wartime *people turn back, disgusted by reality, to the arts. The arts, therefore, are inclined to adapt themselves to providing relief and pleasure rather than elevation. The 56th Autumn Exhibition of the Royal Institute of Oil Painters, in Piccadilly, the first among the "Societies" to open after the war, is in this vein, and although some publicity has been given to the war pictures in the show, its main burden is a customary selection of picturesque landscapes, persons and incidents. Nevertheless, a few fast-working exhibitors have turned in, with an excellent journalistic instinct, some topical subjects, which are shown in our three photographs. This section of wall bears (l. to r., downwards) pictures by Keith Henderson ("When the Horn Sounds"), Barbara Campbell, Harold Gillies, V. V. Cole, C. J. Gordon ("Afternoon Light, Cintra"), E. D. Corry, L. J. Fuller ("The People's Store"), Christopher Perkins ("Potato Harvest"), Harold Gillies, David Jagger, R.O.I., W. O. Barnett, Charles Pears, R.O.I. ("The Fleet Leaves Port"), Ionis Thompson, D. M. Fairley*

The triumph of topicality *is achieved at the R.O.I. by A. J. W. Burgess with his "Sinking of the Athenia." Burgess, during the last war, was official naval artist to the Government of the Commonwealth of Australia, went to Scapa Flow to paint H.M.S. Australia, flagship of the battle-cruiser squadron, leading in surrendered German ships. The other pictures here are "To Keep the Seas," also by Burgess, "Paris de l'Ermitage," by C. B. Farrar, "Mirror Picture," by Helen Mackenzie, "A Leisurely Morning," by D. L. Ghilchik, and, below the Athenia, "Rockley, Wiltshire," by Constance Lane*

Visit to a Gallery

Pictures at the R.O.I. in Piccadilly

Women in Uniform *are represented at the R.O.I. by a portrait by James Proudfoot, R.O.I., of Ellen Pollock in her A.R.P. outfit. This actress, who is seen looking at her portrait, is not only driving a car for A.R.P. services and working on National Registration in Kensington, but has taken part in entertaining troops in training. Below her portrait is another piece of topicality—"A.R.P."—showing workmen delivering corrugated-iron shelters, by Grace Matthews. The other two on that wall are "Portrait," by J. B. Lane, and "L'Eglise de Loc-Ronan," by P. R. Johnstone*

Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Fayer

Marie Smith

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leo Smith, of St. Anne, Wentworth, Surrey; she is to marry Marquis André le Chevalier de la Piquerie, only son of the late Marquis and Marquise de la Piquerie

Fayer

Suzette Gauvain

Is the only child of Sir Henry and Lady Gauvain, of Alton, Hants., and announced last month her engagement to Ronald Ormiston Murray, R.A.M.C., of Grenville House, Dolphin Square, S.W., son of the late Mr. and Mrs. John Murray, of Craigmore, Bute

Pearl Freeman

Sybil Gordon

Is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Gordon, of Bordersmead, Loughton, Essex, and announced her engagement last month to Camille Enright Malfroy, the New Zealand Davis Cup player, son of Mr. and Mrs. Malfroy, of Wellington, N.Z.

Bassano

Prudence Middleton

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eustace Middleton, of 76, Finchley Road, N.W.; she announced her engagement in September to William Hunter-Rodwell, younger son of Sir Cecil and Lady Hunter-Rodwell, of Holbrook, Suffolk

Catherine Bell

Pauline Roberts

Is the daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. C. E. Roberts, of Glanafon, Talybont, Merioneth, and is in the W.A.A.F.; she is engaged to Flying Officer W. E. G. Measures, only son of Wing-Commannder and Mrs. A. H. Measures, of 128, College Road, S.E.19

Lenare

Joan Chasney

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Chasney, of Beech Hill, Hadley Wood, and is engaged to Lt. Bruce Lionel Butcher, R.N.R., elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Victor Edgar Butcher, of Jesmond, Newcastle-on-Tyne

Oscar Way

Yvonne Harvey-Cant

Is the only daughter of Captain and Mrs. C. Harvey-Cant, of Ikenild Hall, Stanway, Essex; she is engaged to R. A. Wild, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Wild, of 71, Eaton Sq., S.W.1

Pearl Freeman

Ursula Mabyn Wills

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. O. Wills, of Manor House, Abbots Leigh, Bristol. She has announced her engagement to Sq.-Ldr. Frank William Stannard, R.A.F., son of the late Capt. W. Stannard and Mrs. Stannard

Lenare

Faith Macarthur Onslow

Is engaged to Ivan Lloyd Phillips, Colonial Administrative Service, son of the Rev. A. Lloyd Phillips, of Ware, Herts., and the late Mrs. Lloyd; she is the only child of the late Brig.-Gen. G. Macarthur Onslow and Mrs. Macarthur Onslow, of Murrandah, Camden, New South Wales

Lenare

Barbara Esmee Yorke

Is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Yorke, of Dybdale, Wellingborough, Northants.; her fiancé is John Heydon Romaine Stokes, son of Mr. and Mrs. V. R. Stokes, of Sloe Hill, Hitchin, Hertfordshire

Pearl Freeman

Margery Thorp

Is the only daughter of the late Lt.-Col. Austin Thorp and Mrs. Thorp, of Elm Cottage, Camberley, Surrey. She announced her engagement in September to John Henley Francis Mermagen, Royal Artillery, son of Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Mermagen, of Welton, Taunton, Somerset

Bertram Park

Evelyn Jean Sumner

Another September engagement was that of Evelyn Sumner and Lt.-Col. A. L. Wood, son of the late A. E. Wood and Mrs. Wood, of Faintree Hall, Bridgnorth, Salop. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Sumner, of Rashwood Court, Droitwich. Her father is Master of the Worcestershire

Benton — Packe

Lieutenant Michael Humphris Benton, Royal Marines, a survivor of the Royal Oak, son of Mrs. Ayscough, of Weybridge, and Winifred Packe, only daughter of the late Vere Packe and Mrs. Vere Packe, of 65, Warwick Square, S.W.1, were married at St. Gabriel's, Warwick Square

Macpherson — Smail

Capt. George Philip Stewart Macpherson and Bettie Smail were married at St. Columba's, Pont St. He is the son of Sir Stewart and Lady Macpherson, of Newtonmore, Inverness-shire, and a Scottish international Rugby player. She is the daughter of Principal and Mrs. Cameron Smail, of 1, Grange Terrace, Edinburgh

Clauson — Elsworth

Major Philip Anthony Clauson, son of the late Major Sir John Clauson and Lady Clauson, of 5, St. Simon's Avenue, Putney Hill, and Barbara Elsworth, daughter of the late G. H. Elsworth, and Mrs. C. J. W. Harris, were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton

Hollebone — Howitt

James Charles Hollebone, of 64, Cadogan Sq., S.W.1, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Ralph C. Hollebone, and Phœbe Rollo Howitt, daughter of Dr. A. B. Howitt, M.P. for Reading, and the Hon. Mrs. Howitt, of 15, Chesham Street, S.W.1, and Wolfhall Manor, Marlborough, Wilts., were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

Ivanović — Fisher

Ivan Stevan Ivanović, elder son of Mme. Milicia Banaz, and stepson of M. Bozo Banaz, of Cavtat, Yugoslavia, and June Veronica Fisher, only daughter of the Rev. John L. Fisher, of Netteswell Rectory, Harlow, Essex, and the late Mrs. Fisher, were married at Chelsea Old Church

Malden — Orr

Charles Alastair Bethune Malden, only son of the late Major Charles H. Malden, and Mrs. Malden, of House of Aquahorthies, Inverurie, Aberdeenshire, and Wendy Orr, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Orr, of 3, Belgrave Place, Edinburgh, were married at St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh

Hughes — Walsh

Flt.-Lt. John McCulloch Hughes, son of the late Dr. P. T. Hughes, and Mrs. Hughes, of Whitford Vale, Bromsgrove, Worcs., and Patty Walsh, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Julian Walsh, of Redbourn, Chilworth, Hants., were married in the country

Pawle — Tolkien

Lieut. J. H. Pawle, R.N.V.R., only son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Pawle, of Abbots Farm, Widford, Herts., and a Cambridge cricket and racquets Blue, and Sonia (Bunty) Tolkien, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Tolkien, of Burnt House, Bushey, Herts., were married at Bushey Parish Church. The bridesmaids were Pamela Tolkien, Susan Pawle, and Pauline Simmons; the best man was Capt. Pat Talbot Smith

Thomas — Scott

C. Kingsley-Scott and Margaret Selwyn-Thomas, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. F. P. Selwyn-Thomas, of London and Gateshead-on-Tyne, were married at St. James's, Sussex Gardens

(Concluded on page 154)

Li-Chang and Fashion Work Together *(Continued from page 146)*

I am turned out exactly as Raphael outlined it. Don't stint on the curls: I want to be generous to genius," and she inclined graciously to include Jean-Jean in the tribute.

Jean-Jean got a commission on every curl sold: hence his enthusiasm for the new line (" Flat at neck, riot of silly curls on top: flat again in front " was how he has memorised it in his more English moments. . . . His name is Robinson, John Robinson). But though here was a ladyship who obviously was sold on the idea, who ate from the hand, who would not stint her order for curls, *there were no curls.* No curls, that is, of the shade, the extraordinary shade, like a red squirrel, to which her hair had been dyed. And time was the essence of the bargain. These women only wanted a thing when it was completely new, they only tipped liberally for a first-showing of fashion, as you might say. He began to explain, to stammer. She withered him with a look. " If you are an artist you will see that an important client, who can spread your fame, has the first showing of this new line. Now what can you do? "

He was saved from answering — and he did not know the answer — by Li-Chang, who had definitely grown restive. " A little run for my pet? A little sandbox for the prize of the Orient? Jean-Jean, have the goodness to take Li-Chang out. See that he takes his time."

Li-Chang did take his time. " I have left the little gentleman with our special wigmaker," Jean-Jean explained. " He is devoted to pekinese, very knowledgeable, very clever. Now you and I, my lady, can give ourselves to the work of composing what will be a triumph in the art of the day, the Art of the Head."

Her ladyship was cut, special-shampooed, colour-rinsed, sprayed. Her hair was rolled into coinlike rings, flattened under a couple of hundred pins, tightened in a net. Her head was inserted in a ferocious machine which poured heat on to the scalp for forty minutes while her manicurist took charge of her hands each in turn, lengthening the process of shaping, colouring and drying so that she should not get impatient before every wave was set. Finally out came the pins, the hair was combed, scented and at last the foam, the riot, the cascade of curls was adjusted behind the ears.

" My lady will be the success of the party, whatever party she goes to. Ah, if the great Monsieur Raphael could but see his prelude come to life. . . ." Jean-Jean received the most liberal tip he could expect. " Anyone else would have found it impossible to match my agate gold head," she purred to him. " Only you of all the hairdr—of all the artists who have atten—created for me have made not one word of fuss about matching up. *Thank you.*"

Her ladyship paid the bill, and a bill indeed it was, with a five-pound note. The change—not so much of it—was being counted out as she was adjusted into her mink coat (her hat she was, of course, forbidden to wear) when she looked down, further down. *This* Li-Chang, this shorn creature whose eyes bulged with quite a different expression from the look in them as they had entered? " My beauty, my darling, what is it? What have they done? Your coat, where is it? Your tail, so thin, so poor! " " Your pekinese, my lady? Why, that is the new coiffure that Monsieur Raphael has created in Paris for all the chic pekinese. We had no idea you would not want your pet to follow fashion: had we known, of course, we would have left him with his old coiffure. In any case," chillingly, " there is no extra charge."

So that was the new Paris fashion for a pekinese? Fancy that, said her ladyship, and went back to the glowing feeling of success over her beautiful new squirrel-red coiffure of curls, that " burst of gaiety " which Raphael had composed. Now she and Li-Chang would set fashion together.

But there was no burst of gaiety in the heart of Li-Chang under his shorn, thinned squirrel-red coat. He could have burst with fury and humiliation to remember the shearing.

THE END.

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of the BYSTANDER *during the current month must accompany any entry for the* BYSTANDER *Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card* and certify the scratch score of the course. *Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, Hazelwood, Hunton Bridge, King's Langley, Herts., *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON

NOVEMBER

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* } .....

Address .....

.....

Gold — Nickols

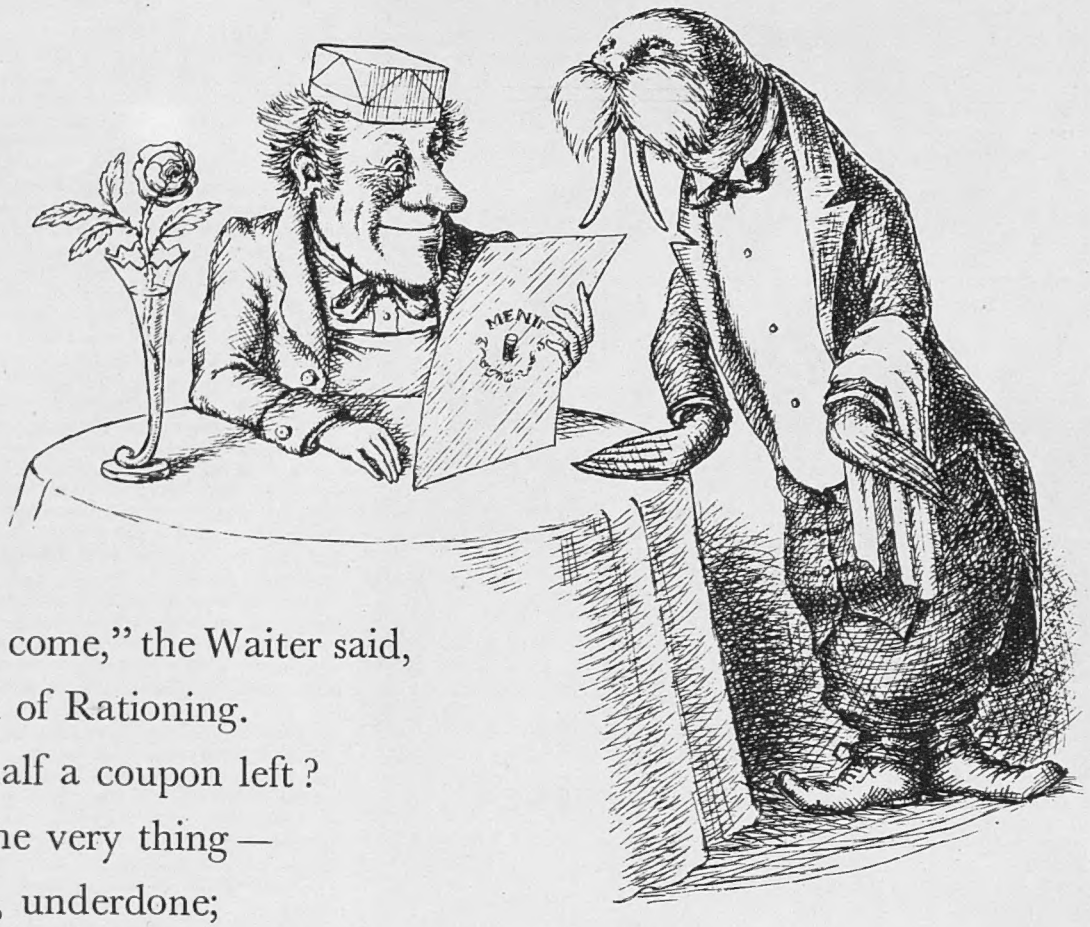
Rodney Wyman Gold, second son of Major and Mrs. Guy G. Gold, of Abbots Hall, Shalford, Essex, and Rosemary Nickols, younger daughter of the late Richard Nickols, and Mrs. Nickols, of Spofforth Hall, Harrogate, Yorks., were married at All Saints', Spofforth

Scott — Clark

Kenneth Scott is the youngest son of the Hon. Osmund and Mrs. Scott, of High Broom, Crowborough, Sussex, an international golfer and an Oxford cricket and golf Blue. Denise Clark is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Garnet Clark, of Red Lodge, Tadworth, Surrey. They were married at Kingswood Parish Church, Surrey

Graham — Stirling

Frederick G. Sheppard Graham, son of Lt.-Col. T. W. Sheppard Graham, of Duchray, and Mrs. Sheppard Graham, of Rednock, Port of Menteith, Perthshire, and Jean Margaret Stirling, daughter of Colonel Sir George and Lady Stirling of Glorat, Milton of Campsie, Stirlingshire, were married at High Church of Campsie, Lennoxtown



"The time has come," the Waiter said,
"To talk of Rationing.
You've only half a coupon left?
I have the very thing—
A lentil cutlet, underdone;
It's plain, but nourishing."

"But wait a bit," the Diner cried,
"I must have more than that!
If that's the best that you can do,
I'll—well, I'll eat my hat!"
"Then this is what I would suggest,"
The Waiter answered pat.

"A Guinness, Sir, in times like these,
Is what you chiefly need;
There's nothing like a Guinness, Sir,
It's very good indeed."
The Diner had a Guinness and—
He cordially agreed.

Wool---

MODEL GOWNS

FOR SMART DAY GOWNS

Featuring the new fold godet skirt. This smart autumn day frock in a novelty fine hopsack cloth has the new skirt, and original stitched half-moon motifs, fur trimming to tone. In black, brown, navy, and new autumn colours.

Five sizes - - - - - - - - - 8½ Gns.

Large size, one guinea extra.

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Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

I MENTIONED a week or two back that, despite petrol restrictions, I have lately been doing a very considerable amount of motoring. My car has been a khaki-coloured W.D. open two-seater of minute horse-power and venerable age. To come from my own 30-h.p. saloon on to this self-propelling pram has proved an illuminating experience. The contrast is complete. One car is propelled by a lazy, high-powered engine, as a result of which comfort has been afforded with a total disregard of weight. The other buzzes along, propelled by an ultra-fussy little high-efficiency unit which "revs" its head off at two-thirds of the cruising speed of the larger car. And weight has been cut down to the last ounce, with a total disregard of comfort! The result is that a totally new and distinct driving technique has to be developed. To maintain any degree of control is in itself a matter for extreme and scrupulous concentration.

The very direct steering is rendered all the more wayward by an almost perpendicular steering-column with a small circumference steering-wheel at the top—rather like a dinner-plate on a shooting-stick! Being so very light, the car is at the mercy of every puff of wind, so that when you are bouncing along at 40-50 m.p.h. (the latter representing its all-out speed, excepting for a shattering 55 obtainable only down a precipice with a following gale), a sudden gap between two houses is enough to admit a draught which carries one right across the road. Yesterday, a large lorry passed me at speed—in the opposite direction, let me hasten to add—and my little car was nearly blown over!

However, bereft of any vestige of dignity, ear-splittingly noisy, obstinate about starting, with a hood which flaps clamorously in the wind, this little car is, nevertheless, a positive glutton for work.

I HAVE never known any car so utterly impervious to abuse. It lives perpetually in the open. In fair weather and foul it stands in an exposed position night after night, and, as often as not, is crusted with frost in the morning. Petrol, oil and water are put in "as requisite," and the tyres are checked over sporadically. Nevertheless, it has never actually let me down. It has threatened to do so once or twice, but I excuse that on the score of overwork.

There was that moment when the self-starter refused to function. Being on my own, I was faced with the problem of keeping the choke-plunger pulled out on the dash-board and at the same time winding the starting-handle. Here the expedient of wedging the choke open with a match-box did the trick.

Then there was the time when the oil pressure disappeared completely, and it was imperative that I pushed on without waiting to stop and investigate. Here continually raising the foot on the accelerator and performing the difficult and spectacular task of driving with my fingers crossed sufficed.

Then there was the shameful discovery that every time we reversed the brakes applied themselves. . . .

But enough—I see I weary you. And yet, ought you to be wearied? You know, if taxation continues to increase at the present ludicrous rate, you, too, may yet come to driving such a car. But until that time comes, enjoy your larger car while you may. Only by your so doing can hundreds, indeed, thousands, of small motor traders and petrol-filling station proprietors up and down the country be saved from disaster for their families and themselves.

LAST week I quoted the views of a couple of American journals on the value of sprint runs at phenomenally high speeds—such as the land-speed record attempts. I have often been asked: "What is the good of motor-racing?" Now I have come across the perfect answer to such sceptics. It is an extract from the American magazine *Automobile Topics*, and I commend it to the notice of all who doubt whether racing is really anything more than a rich and irresponsible man's hobby.

"So very often," says *Automobile Topics*, "is the remark made that 'automobile racing does not prove anything the manufacturers don't already know,' that the experience at the recent 200-mile A.A.A.-sponsored stock car race is very interesting. The official Race Report states that during practice certain cars 'ran out of gasoline,' although up to 5 gallons remained in the tanks. The reason was that on a track, centrifugal force kept the fuel away from the tank outlets, placed to one side, so that fuel pumps were ineffective. Those cars were allowed auxiliary fuel outlets on the other side of the tank. Even though it is unlikely that this could happen on the road, even where long curves happened to be banked away from the tank outlet, it still indicates the desirability of designing to further improve fuel-feed arrangements.

"Then, too, a study of the reasons for pit stops by various cars during the race is enlightening. The most frequent cause for a stop was for water, due to over-heating. The day's temperatures were in the upper eighties. Granted that the race time of over 65 miles per hour was well above the averages that most drivers reach, even on the flat, straight roads in Texas, and that cooling breezes may not cool so well on a track as out in the country, it still seems that something was proved by the race so far as need for cooling is concerned. Further, several of the cars made stops to have wheels or mufflers tightened. Surely the race conditions were not much more severe than are experienced on some roads. Even better ways of keeping things tight may result. Racing has its value."

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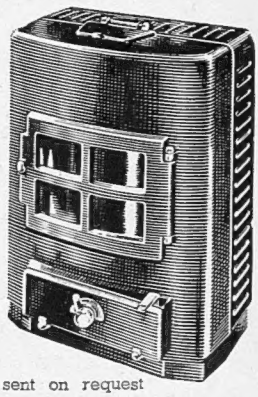

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